FRANCE WILL LIVE AGAIN, BY J. J. ROUSSEAU

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The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXII. No. 10 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS

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By Frederick L. Allen

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By Edmond Taylor
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

"AS I REMEMBER HIM: THE BIOGRAPHY OF R. S."
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OUR BORROWED VOCABULARY
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HANS ZINSSER's autobiography is the "record of a powerful and varied mind" . . . *(See page 6)*

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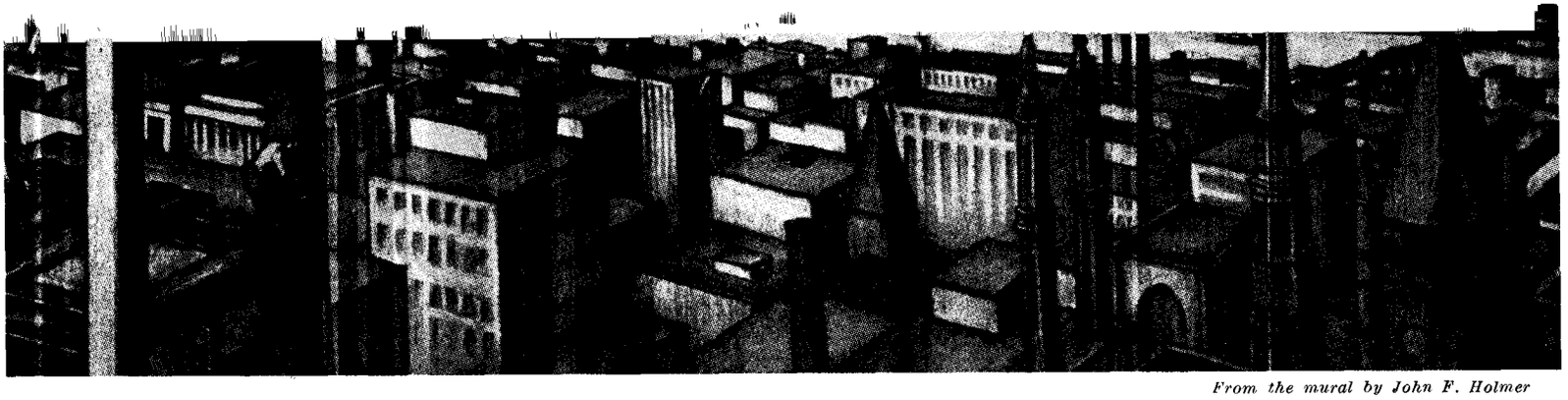

From the mural by John F. Holmer

Our Widening American Culture

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

UNDER pressure of more dramatic affairs, we Americans are, I believe, failing to notice a salient — and cheerful — fact about our country: the flowering, or at least the budding, of an American culture of which we may well be proud.

This flowering is unlike any previous one in history. We must not expect to see duplicated here what happened in the Athens of Pericles or the Florence of the Medici, or, for that matter, in nineteenth century England or France. For the essence of what is happening in America is that it is new, that it takes unprecedented forms, and that it is manifold.

I realize that anybody who speaks in such terms as these may seem to be —in the expressive phrase of the day— sticking his neck out. In the American culture of 1940 one can find plenty of evidences of undisciplined or corrupt taste. Listen to some of our radio programs; read the concentrated pap which passes for fiction in many of our magazines for the millions; sit through some of the Class B pictures at the movies; or look at the monotonous suburban developments and devastated regions which lie at the edges of our American cities, and you may well wonder what in heaven's name I am talking about.

Nevertheless I stand by my guns. I think this country is making cultural progress in a new and exciting way.

To most people "culture" may suggest a gentleman sitting in his library with a volume of Montaigne in his hand, a glass of old port at his elbow, and a quotation from the original Greek on his lips—familiarity with, and appreciation of, old and tested things. But culture may also mean the natural feeling for beauty that went into the building of old New England houses and Pennsylvania barns—a sense of order and graciousness, whether cultivated or instinctive, and whether accompanied by wide learning or not. And any culture is sterile which is not animated by the creative impulse. The periods which we think of as the great flowerings of culture were periods not merely of appreciation but, preëminently, of production; indeed, any culture is sterile which is not animated by the devouring curiosity of the discoverer and the fierce energy of the experimenter.

In these latter aspects American culture is showing special progress. Whereas no other cultural flowering in history has involved more than a small fraction of the population, today millions of Americans are becoming more sensitive to beauty, and in them creative energy is stirring.

Look, for example, at music—from that same radio that brings us so much shoddy entertainment. Toscanini's weekly symphony concert is enjoyed by an audience of four and a half million. It would take 60 Yale Bowls to seat this astronomical number of listeners. Walter Damrosch's NBC music appreciation hour is heard each week by several million. Have any such opportunities for the masses to hear good music ever before existed —and been taken advantage of? And it has all come about in the past 15 years. Incidentally, the highly intelligent "Information Please," which recently won an award by *The Saturday Review of Literature* for distinguished service to American literature, is said to be heard by 12,000,000 members of that radio public which we used to be told had 13-year-old minds!

Participation in the *making* of music has sharply increased, too, even though the piano is no longer a standard household ornament. Note some 35,000 school orchestras. Note how many of our school and college glee clubs have become choruses singing fine music. Recently I heard the madrigal club of a small West Virginia college lead off, not with "The Bullfrog on the Bank," standard fare 30 years ago, but with the classic chants of Palestrina. The extraordinary growth of such institutions as the Berkshire Music Festival is another agreeable sign of our musical times.

NEXT, consider reading. It is true that book sales have shown little increase during the past generation. But there can be small doubt that the books which now sell most widely represent, on the average, a considerably higher level of quality. There is a world of difference between the solid fiber of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" (the leading fiction best seller of 1939) and the sentimental gush of Florence Barclay's "The Rosary" (which topped the lists in 1910 and 1911, against stiff competition by Harold Bell Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth"). We must remember, too, that the book as a form of entertainment must now compete with the radio and the movies; while the book-reading public is now underpinned — and presumably reduced—by a gigantic magazine-reading public.

Fifty years ago there was not a single magazine in the United States with a circulation of a million. Now there are twenty-six. Many of the most popular periodicals are full of literary marshmallows and shy at ideas which might possibly offend a perceptible number of readers or advertisers; yet I think it is safe to say that if we take these magazines as a group, and think how many good things are to be found in them, they offer a creditable exhibit of mass reading. There has been nothing in Europe to compare with this vast magazine public; and those European magazines which have long been famous for their high quality—such, for instance, as *Punch*—have had tiny audiences by any American standards.

Turn to the fine arts. Popular mag-

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azines like *Life* are now reproducing paintings by old masters and contemporary Americans. "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces" (price $10) is a recent best-seller. There has been a notable increase in the sale of good color reproductions of masterpieces for home decoration. Our museums are becoming active agencies for adult education, and their turnstiles are clicking. The recent Picasso exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art was attended by 99,503 people during its fifty-one days; the Italian masters, at the same museum, were seen in seventy-three days by 277,794 people—an astonishing record.

Remarkable, too, is the growth in educational opportunity. If many of our universities have elephantiasis—and also foot-ballitis—this is because the number of students in American colleges and universities has increased tenfold since 1900. The inspiring fact that millions of Americans have wanted a higher education for their children has put a heavier load on the educational machinery than it could carry without creaking here and there. Yet our professional schools have been strikingly improved; American medical education, for example, has been revolutionized for the better in the past fifty years. And those new patrons of education and science, the great foundations, are contributing hundreds of millions both to lift the standards of teaching and research and to seek out young talent and give it the chance it deserves. I have heard it stated, by people who should know, that there is now small chance that any young man of authentic scientific genius, whether in Pennsylvania, Georgia, or South Dakota, will go unassisted if he needs assistance.

Do not forget what the WPA has done for men who had not sold a picture for years—and were given post-office murals to paint; for half-starved musicians who found themselves playing to big audiences in WPA orchestras. Call this boondoggling if you will; but does it not represent a new conception of the responsibility of the public to see that potential artists have a chance to be artists, no matter what their circumstances?

Yes, the democratic base of our culture has been widened.

I should also like to remind you how many new arts have sprung up beside the seven arts of tradition. Let us forget for a moment the traditional assumption that one measures the state of a culture chiefly in terms of such familiar vehicles as books, plays, paintings, sculpture, architecture, and music. Let us assume that other vehicles may offer a means of expressing the impulse to create and enjoy beauty, and let us look about us.

New arts? One thinks immediately of the movies, which after a long period of high technical competence and singular evasion of reality are now showing signs of growing up: witness that documentary masterpiece, "The River," and such recent pictures as "Rebecca," "The Grapes of Wrath," and "Wuthering Heights." One thinks with even more assurance of that remarkable subdivision of the movies, the animated cartoon drama, realizing that in Disney we have an artist using a medium which hardly existed twenty years ago.

Note the remarkable increase of interest in photography; hundreds of thousands of people, old and young, are taking pictures—and developing them in their own darkrooms, in the true spirit of the amateur in the arts.

Drive over the magnificent parkways in the outskirts of our cities, and see how engineer and landscape architect have joined hands to create majestic avenues in peculiarly 20th-century style. Look at our new bridges and dams, works of art as well as of utility. Is there any one of us who looks at, let us say, the George Washington Bridge without a lift of the heart at the extraordinary beauty, especially at night when the great sweep of its cables is picked out with lights?

To look at some of the photographs in Walter Dorwin Teague's new book, "Design This Day" (such as the pictures of New York's Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, with its clean, undecorated, soaring arches, or of a new Texaco gas station) is to feel that this is the sort of thing we Americans do best, this is where our own peculiar genius has full play.

Do not the incredible effects achieved in lighting the New York World's Fair demonstrate the exciting possibilities of another virtually new art—that of lighting with color?

Think of the strides made in applying the principles of functional design. No automobile manufacturer decides upon his new model nowadays without anxious consideration of the way purchasers will react to the grace and sweep of its lines. And I wonder if until the past decade a designer ever planned a railroad train as a harmonious unit, as some new streamliners were planned.

Note the gay use of color in the equipment of a modern kitchen. Look at some of Frank Lloyd Wright's or Albert Kahn's factories; why, even factories and their machinery—or the best of Woolworth's glassware—are being built as if intended to be looked at! The packaging of goods has been revolutionized. Little by little we are re-learning that useful things can be

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War on the State of Mind

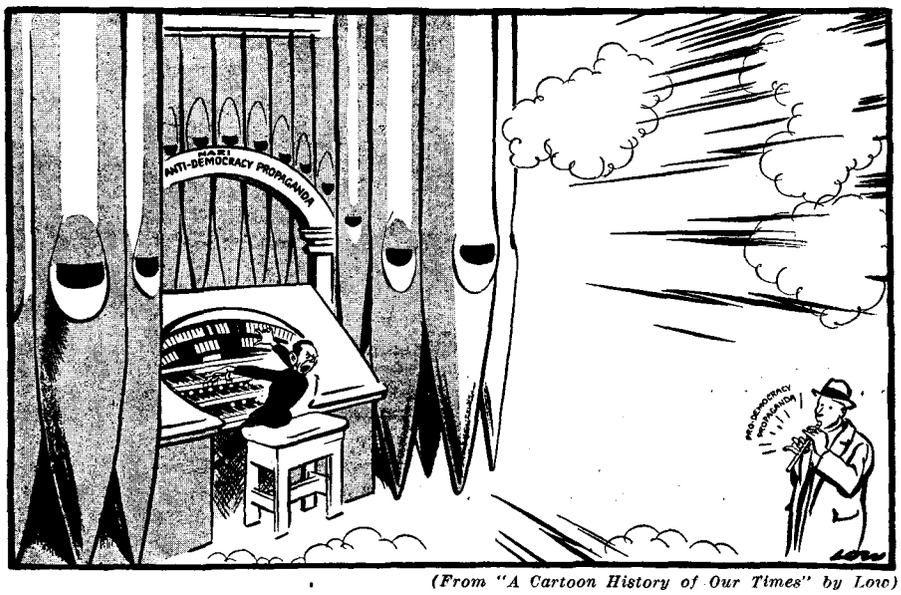
THE STRATEGY OF TERROR. By Edmond Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1940. 278 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

HERE is both a history and a scientific analysis of the war of nerves, as Europe lived through it from the Munich crisis till the tenth of last May; as we are living through it now, and may experience it more intensively and immediately in the future. Since it was finished just barely before the beginning of the other kind of war, the war that German and Italian leaders truly call the world revolution, its appearance now has a certain irony—in the original, the Greek-tragedy sense of the word; yet you will not find it dated. In his very last paragraph the author says he believes that the decisive moment of the war is near, and that "once the psychological turning-point has been passed, the strategic and tactical problems of the war may solve themselves with a rapidity which will startle both victors and vanquished." As predictions go, that one ranks pretty near the top; though when Mr. Taylor wrote it he did not realize what dependable reports from Germany have since told us, that the unexpectedly rapid and easy success in Norway was the psychological turning-point which changed the apprehensive indifference of a large part of the German population into a faith that once more the Fuehrer would bring home the bacon.

At any rate, you can find in this book evidence of the states of mind which were partly responsible for the fact that England and France were not ready (and that we are not ready either) for the kind of war Germany was getting ready to wage; evidence that long and thorough preparation by psychological big guns and dive bombers on the "battlefront of the mind" had seriously weakened in the allied nations the psychology from which victory must spring. When the Blitzkreig once came there was magnificent courage in resistance, of course; but courage was an insufficient substitute for the tanks and planes that had not been built or purchased while there was still time.

Mr. Taylor was for several years until last December a Paris correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune;* at present he happens to work for the same organization as I do, but I had read and admired his book before I knew that, so perhaps these remarks may escape suspicion of being a commercial plug. He has quoted extensively not only from his own diary but from his wife's diary, and in a psychological history these day-by-day notes from different angles are among the most valuable passages in the book—even when, perhaps especially when, they report opinions of the moment that turned out to be wrong.



(From "A Cartoon History of Our Times" by Low)

"Shut up! I can't hear myself!"

The history begins with the Munich crisis, from a Paris angle which serves to remind American readers that in France the Czechoslovak question was not merely an episode of foreign politics, but was another battle in the domestic political and ideological conflict which has sometimes raged and sometimes simmered in France ever since 1789. And if you believe, as does this reviewer, that the war which began in September, 1939 was lost in September, 1938, this book offers plenty of supporting evidence. One of the consequences of Munich, Taylor writes, was that

> The crisis, the fear of war, had disintoxicated the German people, exploded all the sanguinary myths the Nazis had been trying to build up for years, brought them almost to the verge of revolt. Munich vindicated Hitler, justified the regime, resurrected the myth of an aggression painless to the aggressor.

The consequences were candidly expressed to Taylor a few weeks later by an intelligent young Nazi who happened to be a Hungarian, but who was preaching a doctrine he had learned in Berlin:

> The democracies are finished. They cannot fight us with our own weapons. The fascist conception of war is invincible because the enemies of the fascist ideal have no defense against it. Our whole existence is a combat. We are always making war on the enemy, but he cannot make war on us without declaring it, mobilizing, etc. We will never give him the chance. Our wars are won before they start.

This, too, had better be taken to heart in this country.

The crisis of last August illustrates the technique of Hitler's psychological offensive — "defeatist and dissolvent propaganda, juridical arguments against the Polish position, the shock of the Russo-German peace pact, etc. . . . To make the war scare psychologically effective it was necessary both to sustain suspense over a long period and to punctuate this suspense, this permanent anxiety, with alarms and shocks, interspersed with lights of hope. These were the psychological conditions which unnerve a man in the face of danger." As I write, a somewhat similar offensive is going on, directed partly against England, partly against the United States; Hitler's interview with Karl von Wiegand published on June 14 is a highly interesting specimen of a type of literature in which every word is calculated (by Hitler, be it understood, not by the interviewer) to produce a specific effect on specific people.

Last August, however, the psychological offensive did not prevent war; what it and the years of tension that had preceded it did accomplish, in the

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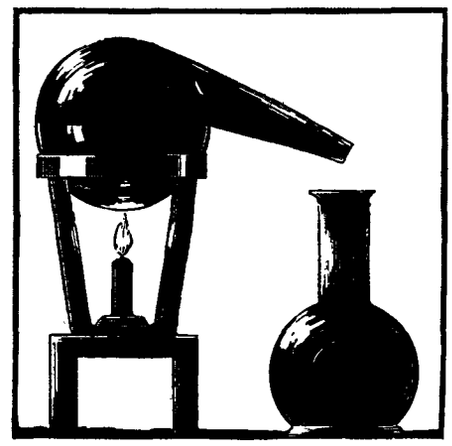
New Wrinkle in Autobiography

AS I REMEMBER HIM, The Biography of R. S. By Hans Zinsser. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1940. 443 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON



PROFESSOR ZINSSER'S autobiography is the unpretentious record of a powerful and varied mind which at all times has recognized that a special interest is merely a monomania unless it is correlated with all aspects of life. A scientist must reckon with the humanities in order to be a scientist, just as a humanist must reckon with the sciences, if he is to fulfill his own definition of himself. A more satisfactory mixture of these necessary elements than Professor Zinsser evidently is would be difficult to imagine. He is a good poet, a good bacteriologist, and, I have no doubt, a good teacher. It is pleasant and appropriate to say so at once.

He has imported a small, perhaps unnecessary, new wrinkle into the method of autobiography, for the book purports to be the life of a certain R. S., who died symbolically at the explosion of the new horrors on which we are full fed. It is true that the opinions and adventures of R. S. give the author an opportunity to comment editorially on his own activities and ideas "with a diverting air of objectivity," as also to escape on occasion from the pitfall of "I, I." But Professor Zinsser is quite interesting enough as he stands without putting his clear light under a rhetorical bushel. No Alice B. Toklas artifice was essential in his case, as it was for Miss Stein who found it necessary to conceal the fact that she hadn't anything of any importance to say anyhow.

This book is rich in every way. The picture of a family of exiled German liberals (Germany in one way or another is always in quantity production of exiles) is full of feeling and delicacy. One will remember the attractive father who thought that a pocket-edition of "Faust" was something the well dressed man must wear and accordingly had one for every suit. The good German-American school that got a little boy ready for Columbia clearly had the root of the matter in it, governed, as it was, by an Hebraic Jupiter who put the fear of God into young persons in a manner now much frowned on by teachers who don't seem to teach very well. Columbia, with Woodberry, E. B. Wilson, and Bashford Dean guiding the steps of a young humanist-scientist, is vividly presented. The anxieties of adolescence are suggested with humor and reticence, thank God! A course of fossil-hunting in the West and the Spanish War with its epidemics shadow forth the slant towards science. And you will look far before you find a more exciting picture of a hospital interne's daily round, all full of murder and obstetrics. This gave way in due course to a period of anxious medical practice which in turn led on to calmer interludes of research and teaching at Columbia, Stanford, and Harvard. And finally we run into wild episodes of warfare against man or disease in Serbia, France, Russia, North Africa, Japan, and China, all of them fascinating reading.

Practically all Professor Zinsser's adventures are entertaining in themselves, but what makes the book go (and it goes like Galahadion) is the just and brilliant comment on men and things as he has found them. Few people judge so wisely or so gleaningly. His unconventional verdicts are apt, even-handed, penetrating, and except for one or two rather bitter asides, full of comprehending kindness that is never sloppy. Everybody ought to read his remarks on the American college president, a species which he early observed from behind and concerning which, like a true scientist, he makes some diverting a posteriori generalizations. He never misses the fun of anything, but he never misses the difficulty either. And one admires the catholic discrimination which can separate Charles W. Eliot's breadth of view with respect to science from his narrowness of mind with respect to conduct, or can winnow the wheat from the chaff in the extraordinary, delightful, and unpredictable David Starr Jordan. No one has more intelligently described the peculiarities of an educational system in process of changing from one state to another. The reviewer for one was continually refreshed also by random outbreaks on life in general.

"As I Remember Him" is if anything more pungent than "Rats, Lice, and History," and the reviewer noted very few of the minor lapses here and there apparent in that work. It took one reader's mind legitimately away from horrible things and will do the same for others. So long as the valiance of intellect and personality, which this autobiography so convincingly and gaily illustrates, is to be found among us, we shall not have "yielded ourselves unto death utterly."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

10 MORE FAMOUS DETECTIVES

Briefly described below are ten more well-known sleuths from the pages of detective fiction. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can also recall the name of the author who created him. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. His ambition was to retire from the British police force and raise roses on his farm.
2. He was a grim, religious, and lovable Virginia pioneer.
3. By interminable patience and relentless tracking down of every clue, this Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard always gets his man.
4. He holds the degrees of Ph.D., Ll.D., F.R.S., M.D., and M.D.S., and is known as "the thinking machine."
5. Expert at both medicine and law, he was a specialist on tropical diseases and the inventor of a portable laboratory.
6. Taking only a short time between drinks, he pursued the thin man.
7. Though blind, he sees through many crimes, while not engaged in his hobby of coin collecting.
8. Addicted to gaudy pajamas, strong cigars, and a gold toothpick, this extremely large gentleman has a wide acquaintance among the criminal classes.
9. A criminal lawyer, he constantly worries his adoring secretary by taking unnecessary risks in behalf of his clients.
10. So fat he needs two canes to get around, and the author of that yet-unfinished book, "Drinking Customs of England from the Earliest Days."

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France Will Live Again*

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

THERE will always be a great difference between subduing a multitude and ruling a society. Even if scattered individuals were successively enslaved by one man, however numerous they might be I still see no more than a master and his slaves, and certainly not a people and its ruler; I see what may be termed an aggregation, but not an association; there is as yet neither public good nor body politic. The man in question, even if he has enslaved half the world, is still only an individual; his interest, apart from that of others, is still a purely private interest. If this same man comes to die, his empire, after him, remains scattered and without unity, as an oak falls and dissolves into a heap of ashes when the fire has consumed it.

The strongest is never strong enough to be always the master, unless he transforms strength into right, and obedience into duty. Hence the right of the strongest, ironically enough, is really laid down as a fundamental principle. But are we never to have an explanation of this phrase? Force is a physical power, and I fail to see what moral effect it can have. To yield to force is an act of necessity, not of will—at the most, an act of prudence. In what sense can it be a duty?

Suppose for a moment this so-called "right" exists. I maintain that the sole result is a mass of inexplicable nonsense. For, if force creates right, the effect changes with the cause: every force that is greater than the first succeeds to its right. As soon as it is possible to disobey with impunity, disobedience is legitimate; and, the strongest being always in the right, the only thing that matters is to act so as to become the strongest. But what kind of right is that which perishes when force fails? If we must obey perforce, there is no need to obey because we ought; and if we are not forced to obey, we are under no obligation to do so. Clearly, the word "right" adds nothing to force: in this connection, it means absolutely nothing.

Obey the powers that be. If this means yield to force, it is a good precept, but superfluous: I can answer for its never being violated. All power comes from God, I admit; but so does all sickness: does that mean that we are forbidden to call in the doctor? A brigand surprises me at the edge of a wood: must I not merely surrender my purse on compulsion; but, even if I could withhold it, am I not in conscience bound to give it up? For certainly the pistol he holds is also a power.

Let us then admit that force does not create right, and that we are obliged to obey only legitimate powers.

It will be said that the despot assures his subjects civil tranquillity. Granted; but what do they gain, if the wars his ambition brings down upon them, his insatiable avidity, and the vexatious conduct of his ministers press harder on them than their own dissensions would have done? What do they gain, if the very tranquillity they enjoy is one of their miseries? Tranquillity is found also in dungeons; but is that enough to make them desirable places to live in? The Greeks imprisoned in the cave of the Cyclops lived there very tranquilly, while they were awaiting their turn to be devoured.

To say that a man gives himself gratuitously, is to say what is absurd and inconceivable; such an act is null and illegitimate, from the mere fact that he who does it is out of his mind. To say the same of a whole people is to suppose a people of madmen; and madness creates no right.

Even if each man could alienate himself, he could not alienate his children: they are born men and free; their liberty belongs to them, and no one but they themselves have the right to dispose of it. Before they come to years of discretion, the father can, in their name, lay down conditions for their preservation and well-being, but he cannot give them irrevocably and without conditions: such a gift is contrary to the ends of nature, and exceeds the rights of paternity. It would therefore be necessary, in order to legitimize an arbitrary government, that in every generation the people should be in a position to accept or reject it; but, were this so, the government would be no longer arbitrary.

To renounce liberty is to renounce being a man, to surrender the rights of humanity and even its duties. For him who renounces everything no indemnity is possible. Such a renunciation is incompatible with man's nature; to remove all liberty from his will is to remove all morality from his acts. Finally it is an empty and contradictory convention that sets up, on the one side, absolute authority, and, on the other, unlimited obedience. Is it not clear that we can be under no obligation to a person from whom we have the right to exact everything? Does not this condition alone, in the absence of equivalence or exchange, in itself involve the nullity of the act? For what right can my slave have against me, when all that he has belongs to me, and, his right being mine, this right of mine against myself is a phrase devoid of meaning?

Grotius and the rest find in war another origin for the so-called right of slavery. The victor having, as they hold, the right of killing the vanquished, the latter can buy back his life at the price of his liberty; and this convention is the more legitimate because it is to the advantage of both parties.

But it is clear that this supposed right to kill the conquered is by no means deducible from the state of war. Men, from the mere fact that, while they are living their primitive independence, they have no mutual relations stable enough to constitute either the state of peace or the state of war, cannot be naturally enemies. War is constituted by a relation between things, and not between persons; and, as the state of war cannot arise out of simple

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*Title ours; article from "Contrat Social," 1762.

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NOT RECRIMINATION BUT RESOLVE

IT IS almost inevitable, in times such as these, to find scholars and writers turning back to history for a re-assembling and revaluation of the events leading up to the large-scale disasters which today are blasting away a substantial, perhaps fundamental, part of the structure of civilization. But even these investigations leave many questions unanswered—questions relating to the moral as well as physical unpreparedness of great nations and peoples, America included, in the face of grave dangers.

Archibald MacLeish places a large share of the blame upon the post-World War pacifist or semi-pacifist writers, of which he was one, whose works served to condition people against positive attitudes. Seeds of cynicism have been planted, he says, which have resulted in indifference among many people, especially the younger generation, toward moral values involved in the present war. Similar beliefs have been expressed by Walter Millis, who looks back and finds that the anti-war literature of the twenties and thirties, among which his own "Road to War" occupies a conspicuous place, has made the mistake of speaking of war in terms of absolutes, thus helping to seal the minds of people against changing conditions and changing events which make it clear that the evils of war are relative, and that the ultimate in evil may not necessarily be represented by mass murder on the battlefield but by mass slavery of men and ideas.

Along with these statements is the warning—implied in the case of MacLeish, explicit in the case of Millis—that America must accept and fulfill her obligations toward the preservations of moral values in the world, by force of arms, if necessary. This change of heart or attitude—call it what you will—not only by MacLeish and Millis, but by a large number of other writers—may seem a paradox: the contradiction in fundamental philosophy between the MacLeish and Millis of, let us say, 1930, who were pro-pacifist, and the MacLeish and Millis of 1940, who are anti-pacifist.

And yet, there is no paradox, no contradiction, no inconsistency. The same motives which turned MacLeish and Millis and the others to the writing of pacifist literature until very recently are also behind their support of the fight against Hitlerism today. The least common denominator of their philosophies continues to be humanitarianism. The form may change—it was against war then and it is against barbarism now—but the substance remains the same. A Hemingway who cried out against the evils of war in "Farewell to Arms" picked up a gun and went off to war to fight the evils of something he felt was worse than war in Spain. In the World War liberals led the interventionist movement; in the years that followed they led the anti-war movement; today the trend seems to be returning to intervention again. Have the liberals changed sides? No; only targets.

But there are consequences of even a change in targets, as Mr. MacLeish has demonstrated. Many of those who are not old enough to remember the importance of moral factors contributing to our participation in the last war and who were nourished during their most formative years on books such as Hanighen's and Engelbrecht's "Merchants of Death," or Millis's "Road to War," or Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front,"—each of them an excellent work but each telling only part of the story—may have learned their lessons, as Mr. MacLeish fears, only too well.

Whatever the effect of our post-War literature, nothing can be gained now by continuous raking over of old coals. One of the disturbing developments in recent weeks has been an increasing tendency among writers to concern themselves unduly with blame-fixing; in many quarters the pointing of fingers has become a constant preoccupation. It would be unfortunate but perhaps characteristic of the American intellectual if he should allow the issue to become an end in itself, sublimating all thought and energy into polemics over the past, instead of bending himself to the problem at hand.

This is no time for recrimination. There is a big job to be done that needs doing quickly. The lightning, catastrophic successes of Nazism have shaken in many people their faith in the ability of America to maintain either the instruments or institutions of democracy. They have become confused, uncertain, intimidated. They must be told—even if the telling runs counter to the American worship of success—that success does not necessarily make right, any more than might makes right. They must be rallied around a re-definition of the meaning of human dignity, of the need to preserve a free interchange of ideas. A common ground must be cleared on which Americans can stand in unison and resolution.

Much of this job can be done by our writers, if only they will do it.

N. C.

For DuBose Heyward of Charleston

Died, June 16th, 1940

By Hervey Allen

HE will not see dark days to come
Whose shadow strikes the poet numb,
The twilight and the red eclipse
That stifles song behind the lips.

Clear voice that sang in better days
Sea islands, or the mountain ways
Of simple lives whose mouths were dumb,
Not all the bells of your loved town
In solemn, silver requiem rung
Proclaim you silent. Each replays
The notes of songs that you have sung.

Into old streets the music falls
He made us hear again, recalls
With tears to many a troubled eye
The flash of life when we were young.

Sunlight and starlight be his crown,
The myrtles of his native town
Inwoven with the sound of bells
That from her steeples shatters down.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thomas Hardy Centenary

SIR:—In this centenary of the birth of Thomas Hardy, when enemies are again "girding at England's loins," why not repeat his prayer?

I walked in loamy Wessex lanes, afar
From rail-track and from highway, and I heard
In field and farmstead many an ancient word
Of local lineage like "Thu bist," "Er war,"
"Ich woll," "Er sholl," and by-talk similar,
Nigh as they speak who in this month's moon gird
At England's very loins, thereunto spurred
By gangs whose glory threats and slaughter are.

Then seemed a Heart crying: "Whosoever they be
At root and bottom of this, who flung this flame
Between kin folk kin tongued even as are we,
Sinister, ugly, lurid, be their fame;
May their familiars grow to shun their name,
And their brood perish everlastingly."

F. C. PRESCOTT.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Culture at Large

SIR:—Signs of culture among the college bred:

From a student's essay in English 41B, composition course at the University of California:

"The elementary and secondary schools of America are still in the backwoods stage, weighed down by backwoods notions, parochial limitations, suburban rule. They have done those things which they ought not to have done and left undone those things which they ought to have done and there is no health in them."

Instructor's comment, on margin, concerning the last sentence: "This has the imposing sound of a Matthew Arnold generalization."

ALAN REYNOLDS THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Calif.

The American Senator

SIR:—As a member of the Trollope Society, I was pleased to receive a few days ago a copy of "The American Senator," newly published in attractive format by Random House.

Mr. Henry S. Drinker, in his Introduction to the novel, states: "It has not been republished for more than fifty years. Many confirmed Trollopeans have never had a chance to read it."

"Here's a hot number, Dante's *Inferno*."

May I call Mr. Drinker's attention to the fact that "The American Senator" and some twenty other titles by Trollope are available in the handy little World Classics series, published by the Oxford University Press. In The World Classics "The American Senator" was first published in 1931. It has been in my library since then.

J. FRANKLIN BRADLEY.

Louisville, Ky.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am writing a biography (juvenile) of Simon Bolivar, the South American Liberator. I am especially anxious to trace any descendants of the Colombian Foreign Legion, numbering some 6000 Europeans and North Americans, who may now be living in the United States. If any reader can assist me with information on this point, or with any general material, I shall be deeply grateful.

NINA BROWN BAKER.

49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dissent to Dissent

SIR:—Having read "The First to Awaken," by Granville Hicks, Fletcher Pratt's critique of the book in SRL, and now Mr. Hicks's "dissent," in this week's issue of the *Review*, I diffidently stick my neck out both to dissent from the dissenter Hicks and to friend Pratt's animadversions anent the book.

"Mr. Pratt," quoth Hicks, "has never liked utopian novels—perhaps because they usually abolish wars and therefore, by implication, military experts." Fie! Mr. Hicks, so to give a hint that Mr. Pratt is angered because he is a military expert, on the wholly erroneous guess that he is incompetent to judge utopian fiction. What Mr. Hicks evidently does not know is that, with the possible exception of Mr. A. Merritt, Mr. Pratt is quite probably the greatest present day American authority on fantastic and utopian romance.

A second statement wide of the mark attributed to Mr. Pratt is this: "I might leave out that bit about frequent recourse to psychiatric repairmen. It's a swell line, but there's nothing in the book to justify it." I do not recall such a thought in Fletcher's review, for he surely approved the chapter on "The Course of Justice." This chapter is one of the best in the book.

But, I dissent from Mr. Pratt in dismissing the book so superficially. While the utopia of Mr. Hicks undoubtedly leaves many doubts in one's mind, and is rather heavy reading for a book of this type, on the whole he has done a constructive bit of imaginative planning, and deserves to be read for its vision of an entirely possible kind of future world.

SAMUEL B. HOWE.

Cranberry Lake, New Jersey.

"Harlem Literati in the Twenties," which appeared in our issue of June 22, constituted a chapter from Langston Hughes's forthcoming biography which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf this summer. We regret the omission of this note.

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Mr. Hitler's "New Sparta"

INTO THE DARKNESS. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1940. 311 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SHEPARD STONE

BY an overwhelming majority we would undoubtedly all agree that the most vital problem before the United States today is Nazi Germany. The more we know, the more we can find out about that country and its leaders, the better off we shall be in the days to come.

Not that we have been kept in the dark thus far. The student of the future—if the future has Lebensraum for such quiet fellows—will probably wonder how it came to pass that the politicians and generals of Western Europe were completely unprepared to meet the mighty military machine which Adolf Hitler drove across Europe in 1940. For in the yellowed files of our newspapers, Volumes 1930-1939, they will find the facts: what Hitler was doing each day to weld 65,000,000-77,000,000 people into a ruthless military machine, and why he was doing it. The warning signals were in the headlines, but the politicians and generals preferred to be fools and allowed the foreign correspondents to be the philosopher.

Now, at an appropriate time, Lothrop Stoddard, who for a few months last winter represented the North American Newspaper Alliance in Germany, comes along to give us his description of Hitler's Reich or, as he puts it, the "New Sparta." What he has to say is not startling. For Americans the most pertinent part of his report is the statement he has written on the volume's jacket:

> We should not fly to the panicky conclusion that the Germans are supermen. Most of them impressed me as quite ordinary persons whose achievements are due to sheer hard work and self-sacrifice under iron discipline for common ends. If we Americans will work as hard in united, disciplined endeavor, we can do as well or better. And we can do it without sacrificing our basic institutions and ideals.

Here, as any foreigner who has lived in Germany for years would probably be willing to say, is sound advice and a good antidote for the jitters. It is something for us all to keep in mind in the days and months to come.

Mr. Stoddard's book suffers from a number of limitations. First of all he rarely goes very far below the surface, and as he himself admits, conflicts exist in Germany which do not appear in the light of day. Only infrequently does he approach the penetrating analysis of the Nazi system which Otto Tolischus has been making in recent years in the New York *Times*.

"Into the Darkness" also is handicapped by the fact that its author spent only three months or so in the Reich, from October, 1939 until February or March, 1940. Consequently Mr. Stoddard was unable to do for Germany what James Bryce did for the United States. Unfortunately, too, the months he spent with the Nazis came during a lull in the war and what has happened since in Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, and France has made sections of his book somewhat irrelevant. Too frequently "Into the Darkness" gives the impression of a Baedeker written by a tourist who has been taken in hand by the proper authorities and shown only the right places and people. Mr. Stoddard's idea of getting off to a good start in his investigation was to put himself in the hands of a member of the Nazi foreign office.

Mr. Stoddard is open to another criticism. In describing Nazi accomplishments he fails to show the importance of terror in the Hitler scheme of things. The Nazis have built roads, tanks, planes and stadia; but what have they done to some of the finer qualities of the German character, to human liberties, to decent relations among men? Mr. Stoddard falls down on us here.

Once this has been said, the worst has been said. In its calm presentation and for some of its factual information, "Into the Darkness" is worthy of study. Fundamentally, Mr. Stoddard says, it is important to keep in mind that the Nazi leaders and their movement were the normal by-products of an abnormal situation, of more than a quarter century of confusion in German life—war, defeat, and depression.

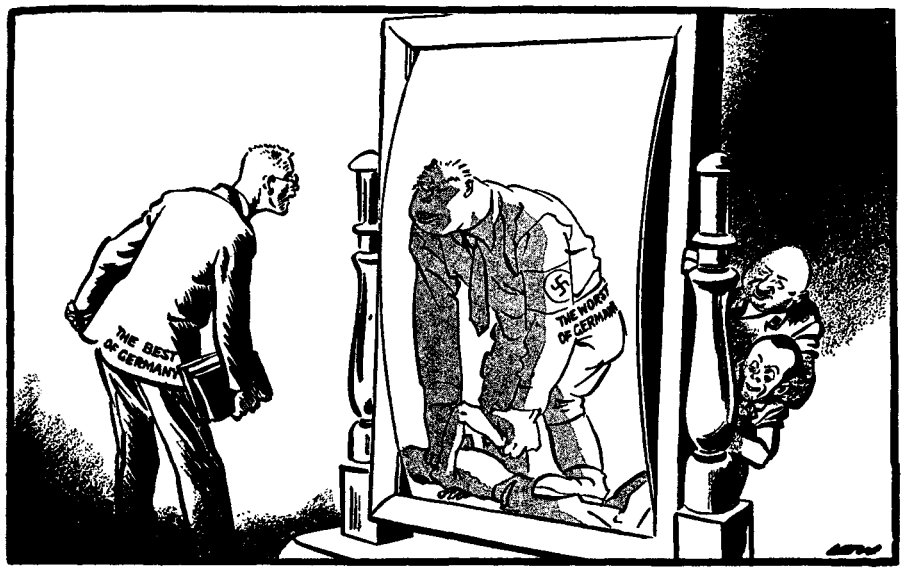
How did the Nazis do it? Mr. Stoddard's answer is simple: An absolute dictatorship directing and controlling every field of life and ruling over an industrious and resourceful people. The Nazi leaders are determined, they know what they want, and they do not shrink from any method to achieve their goal.

In the "New Sparta," Mr. Stoddard points out, the individual means little, the Nazi racial-State means all. He presents some valuable facts about Nazi accomplishments on the agricultural, labor, financial, social, youth, and propaganda fronts. He describes the rigid efficiency of the rationing system and the hardships it imposed. He shows how a determined regime carrying a club on its shoulder—though frequently he doesn't see the club—has been able to mobilize a nation behind it. And he indicates what is unquestionably true that the Nazis have won wide support as a result of some of their activities.

His portraits of many Nazi leaders, particularly of Hitler and Himmler, head of the Gestapo, both of whom he interviewed, make interesting reading.

Mr. Stoddard has little to say about the Nazi military machine. Neither does he quite see that everything the Nazis did between 1933 and 1940 was aimed at forging that machine into the mightiest weapon the world has ever seen. The many questions now facing us all are not answered in this book.

Shepard Stone, a member of the editorial staff of the New York Times, *is the author of "Shadow over Europe," published by the Foreign Policy Association.*



(From "A Cartoon History of Our Times" by Low)

"Himmel! Is that me?"

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The American Ineffectual

ASK ME TOMORROW. By James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1940. 338 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IT was probably not the intention of James Gould Cozzens to write a historical novel, but the change in the world which met the publication of his fine new story of the old Europe of American wanderers, chilly in cheap pensions and rootless in luxury hotels, has almost made it one nevertheless. His is a book about a time that is closed and a people who have come scurrying home, but in his portrait of Francis Ellery, the artist as a young man, the artist as a resentful, irritable young man in love, he has caught with indestructible wit and feeling the spirit and mood of a foreign but not to be forgotten American phase.

In those years the boats were full of such Americans as people Mr. Cozzens's pages. There was hardly a luxury hotel beyond the boats without its rich, gracious widow imperative in the consciousness of the power of her money, her self-conscious daughter, her gallant, crippled little boy. Almost as ubiquitous was the girl who represented an investment which should only be taken by a man able to assume it and not by a writer who was fully aware of the precariousness of his position as a tutor and was not making a living from his art. All the rest were there: old people both poor and pompous, richly riotous young ones, and young ones, too, with thick legs maybe but a hard-headed determination to sing at the Scala. Among them Francis Ellery, who came over with his mother to write his third book (about a naval engagement off South America), and who saw their security cut by her sickness, may not have been the typical American of those lost years but, as Mr. Cozzens has presented him, he brings the whole company into a strangely stirring focus of ineffectuality. Ellery is no fool, and that is perhaps the saddest thing about him. He has wit and shrewdness and talent, but for all his erudite and artistic understanding he lacks a forthrightness even with himself, even with himself in love.

His story might be the simple sad one of an attractive but ineffectual young man, but it seemed to me more than that. It seemed also a witty, wise, sometimes coolly angry book about the educated and talented young American in this very recent historical time. As such an American Ellery seems wholly lost in a Europe of which Mr. Cozzens writes with both familiar approval and sharp distaste, a distaste which extends even to such physical items as the Duomo and the Ponte Vecchio in Florence as well as to the memory of bad brandy and fat-legged women, an arrogant innkeeper overwhelming in his sense of importance as a reserve officer on a continent preparing for this war which has come, to some of the almost comic customers in the big hotels.

Drawing by S. Van Veen

James Gould Cozzens

Perhaps Ellery might have been lost anywhere. He has tragic flaws a-plenty. But in this flawlessly written story, he seems against the rootless American company in the lost Europe, a lost American also, educated without self-confidence, talented without ardor, in love without the headlong heart. As the young American in Europe with a little artistic beginning and great hunger for both fat things and fame, both egotistic and afraid, he is at least the ghost of a youth all of us knew and some of us almost were. If he has become a historical figure in the swift change of historic time this might be a happier world. But, though the scene in which Mr. Cozzens has described him with so much wisdom and skill may be history now, Ellery's armed but ineffectual youth has been with us a long time and, I think, Mr. Cozzens's picture of it will be true and disturbing beyond this movement of armies and more to come.

The Burdett Saga

FROM WHAT DARK ROOTS. By Francine Findley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

FRANCINE FINDLEY is working backward in her saga of the Burdett family. Seven years ago in "The Root and the Bough" she wrote of the widowed Sarai and her thirteen sons and daughters—and a dreadful young regiment it was, all the children inheriting their paternal grandfather's arrogance and icy cruelty; now in "From What Dark Roots" she traces the courtship and twenty-five years of married life of the ill-matched Sarai and Adam. For all its wide scope this crowded novel is not long, and in the welter of characters and its historic sweep (the period covered is the turbulent quarter of a century from 1840 to 1865) the reader has difficulty in singling out its exact theme and in determining its direction.

Adam Burdett, a romantic idealist, belongs spiritually more to Brook Farm than to his father's vast plantation at Natchez. Sarai Corless, daughter of a powerful Eastern financier, is prepared for a scintillating life on Madison Avenue and in Saratoga Springs. She determines to marry the young dreamer, and in the most exciting part of the novel supervises a dramatic elopement. Defying his domineering father and rejecting the elegant, aristocratic life of a Southern gentleman, and spurning his father-in-law's offer to take him on as a junior robber baron, Adam takes his unwilling bride to a somewhat bleak farm in the northernmost section of New York state. Here he will build for him and his family a way of life uncontaminated by the curse of slave labor and the canker of competition and acquisitiveness. "From What Dark Roots" is in part an account of Adam's struggle to realize his ideals in an unsympathetic world, handicapped by an exasperated wife.

The novel barely escapes confusion because of its many contradictions and paradoxes. Nevertheless these complex people and their odd conduct are not entirely incredible. Perhaps the author strives too hard to suggest the age and its movements; so much discussion of Emerson, Webster, Mormonism, Transcendentalism, Fruitlands, etc., is hardly necessary in a novel concerned primarily with character. Although "From What Dark Roots" has no great distinction of style—in fact it is often banal and hackneyed—the Burdett family commands our interest, and the book helps illuminate and humanize the most vigorous and critical era in our history.

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Matter of Dimension

TOO BIG. By Morris L. Ernst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 314 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

AMONG the numerous inventions of man which have plagued and oppressed him, big business corporations have come to occupy a leading place. In the decades around the turn of the century, Mr. Ernst reminds us, business Gargantuanism was tolerated by the dominant public opinion (even while "trusts" were cursed and attacked by the small capitalists who were being pushed to destruction) on the ground that big business units are necessarily the most productive. In this book he shows how little we got, relatively to what was expected, in abundance and efficiency, in exchange for the surrender of the individualistic system. Steel, cordage, anthracite, the movies, savings banks and insurance companies, retail store chains—all went in for size, and in all there has been either prodigal waste, failure of initiative, unwillingness or inability to adopt new ideas and inventions, or incredible stupidity which could end only in the bankruptcy courts. Mr. Ernst's case histories are impressive.

Mr. Ernst thinks that the basic reason for this state of affairs has been, simply, that the managers and directors at the top could not possibly run their business in any real sense. They had to study charts instead of products and processes, arrays of figures instead of men. To the extent that they exercised control they suppressed the men in all ranks below. Only in finance could the little oligarchy at the top function. Here the working materials were amazingly simplified by the organized money and security markets. Into this field, then, the managers plunged with gusto—and with results unhappily evident in the annals of the last decade.

If Mr. Ernst had called his book "Too Big for Comfort," the issue which he raises would have been more clearly defined. For the public merely had to decide whether it would get along without certain commodities, or run the alternative risk of the discomfort of bigness. Without gigantic aggregations of capital we could not have had the steel or the automobile industry. In many another industry the waste and inefficiency of the huge corporation would have to be multiplied many times before the cost of the product would rise to the point at which it would stand under small-scale organization. We chose (actually we could not help but choose) bigness, but we failed (possibly we could not help but fail) to control the power, the crassness, and the inefficiency which go with bigness.

The dilemma lies in the fact that bigness, necessary in the great basic industries, leads toward monopoly, since no matter how inefficient the big producer may be, no new competitor can assemble the necessary capital to enter the field against him. Sometimes, however, nominal competitors who previously have lived only by the sufferance of the giant leader turn against him, wreck his markets, and prove that they have the power to force reform. The performance of some of the smaller steel companies in recent years illustrates the point. When such a thing happens it demonstrates that the leader, under his shield of monopoly, has grown beyond the most efficient size.

That is the trouble with monopoly—it does not even impose those limits on its own growth which its own self-interest would dictate. Mr. Ernst's ideas for curing the evil center mainly around the anti-trust laws and the Federal Trade Commission. He throws out a suggestion for a progressive tax on the capital of any corporation which exceeds the average capital employed by units in the industry. Whatever one may think of these prescriptions, the book is a good factual analysis of the ills of bigness, and a challenge to the reader to do some thinking on his own account.

Eve Harrison

Morris L. Ernst

Debunking the Firefly

LIVING LIGHT. By E. Newton Harvey. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1940. 256 *pp., with indices, and* 79 *figures.* $4.

Reviewed by GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

NO one who has watched the sea on a tropic night as it breaks into glowing color at the dip of an oar, or seen fireflies flashing their cadences of light across a meadow in the autumn evening, can fail to find "Living Light" of absorbing interest. Though it was obviously not written in the familiar vein of "popular science," so interesting is the subject matter and so straightforward the descriptive treatment that the layman will find the book as absorbing as the student will find it useful. It would, of course, be difficult to write uninterestingly about a rare beetle-larva which has a red light glowing on its head and rows of green lights strung along its sides, or about the eerie light emitted by tropical sea-water because of the presence of countless (yet countable) luminous bacteria, each contributing its tiny twenty-quadrillionths of a candle to the communal glow.

Professor Harvey's long years of research in the field of bio-luminescence, in which he is an outstanding authority, have enabled him to treat his material with an ease which carries even the lay reader smoothly across routine listings of scientific authorities and certain less necessary minor limitations of style. The book is particularly timely, not merely because of the biological information it contains, but because of the present wide interest in modern developments in lighting. The new fluorescent lamps and other non-incandescent light sources produce cold light, a problem partly solved long since by nature in the evolution of the luminescent organisms which are here described.

We may be especially grateful to the author for his contribution to the debunking of the firefly as an efficient light-source. Writers on popular science, misled by the fact that efficiency can be defined in various ways, often conclude erroneously that fireflies produce light even more efficiently than the modern lamps of the scientist, merely because fireflies radiate almost no useless light. A clear and complete treatment of this subject will be found in the book under review.

George Russell Harrison is on the staff of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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Our Borrowed Vocabulary

NOTES ON THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

H. L. MENCKEN

IT would be hard to find an American unaware of the meaning of *spaghetti, sauerkraut, chop-suey, coleslaw, matzoth, barbecue, rodeo, hamburger, ratskeller, pecan, chautauqua,* and *hoosegow,* but in England they are all unfamiliar words, and most of them do not appear in the English dictionaries. Of the dozen, three came into American from the Spanish, three from the German, two from the Indian languages, and one each from the Italian, Chinese, Dutch, and Yiddish.

What brings such words in—and they are still coming — is not any frenzy for the exotic, but simply the homely fact that nearly all of them designate strange objects for which American has no words of its own. When the first settlers in Virginia encountered the carnivore now known to science as *Procyon lotor* they naturally asked the Indians what it was, and the Indians answered with a word which the settlers heard variously as *arrathkune, rahaugcum, raugroughcum,* and *aracoune.* In the course of time (it actually took more than half a century) they compromised on *raccoon,* and the creature has been a *raccoon* ever since, with *coon* as what may be called its stable name.

So with many another novel quadruped, not to mention bird, fish, tree, and garden plant. The common squash, to the Indians, was an *isquontersquash* and the chinkapin was a *checkinqumin.* The woodchuck got its name, not from wood and chuck, but from the Cree name for it, *otchock.* There were scores of such Indian words in American by the year 1700—among them, *hominy, toboggan, moccasin, persimmon, moose, terrapin, opossum, tomahawk, pone, hickory,* and *succotash.* Nearly all were the names of things unknown in England, but now and then an Indian word of special picturesqueness or pungency was borrowed to designate something quite familiar—for example, *powwow* for meeting, and *papoose* for child.

This process continued as the settlers came into contact with the Frenchmen and Spaniards on their borders, and it got a fresh impetus as immigrants of other non-British stocks joined them. The Dutch contributed *coleslaw* and *cruller* along with the salad and the sweetmeat, for both were unknown to the English, but they also contributed *dope, spook, smearcase, boss,* and *Santa Claus,* though all designated objects that had names in English. The trouble with those names in English—*poison, ghost, cottage cheese, master,* and *Father Christmas*—was that they somehow seemed less racy and satisfying than their Dutch equivalents.

In our own day the thing goes on. A decade or two ago, when cowboys began to give exhibitions of horsemanship in the towns of the West, there arose a need for a name for such shows. The Spanish *rodeo,* signifying a round-up, quickly suggested itself, and *rodeos* they have been ever since. At about the same time the Spanish verb *juzgado,* meaning to be jailed, began to move northward from the Mexican border, and in a little while, Americanized into *hoosegow,* it became a noun designating a jail, and was popular from coast to coast. *Rodeo* came in because it was really needed; *hoosegow* simply because it was a swell word. In the same way German gave us *frankfurter, bockbeer,* and *kindergarten* for the first reason, and *pumpernickel, katzenjammer,* and *bum,* for the second.

Such loan-words naturally make their first appearance in regions where persons speaking the donor languages are most numerous. The English of early New York knew what *coleslaw* was before it had been heard of in Philadelphia, and the Philadelphians, surrounded by Germans, knew all about *pretzels* before New York saw its first. To this day there are many more Spanish loan-words in the American of the Southwest than in that of the rest of the country, and everyone in lower Pennsylvania, whatever his race, knows scores of Pennsylvania-German terms that are unheard of elsewhere, for example, *schnits* (dried fruit), *esel* (jackass), and *hexerei* (witchcraft). In Idaho, where Chinese market-gardeners are common, a market-garden is a *yuen* to all, and in New York, where Jews run to millions, *Yom Kipper* is as familiar as the Fourth of July, and everyone not encased in an ivory tower knows what *mazuma* is, and *kosher,* and *gefüllte fish.*

As Schreiber sees Mr. Mencken.

The heaviest borrowings of American have been from the Indian languages, Spanish, German, Dutch, and French, approximately in the order named. Some of the later immigrant tongues have given us very little: from Hungarian, for example, I can recall but two words, *paprika* and *goulash,* and from Japanese none at all, though we share a number of Japanese loans with English, for example, *kimono* and *tycoon.* But in Hawaii Japanese loans are common, and some of them may eventually work their way into the general American speech. Local loans from the Scandinavian languages, now confined to the upper Middle West, may follow the same route. In Minnesota such Swedish terms as *lutfisk* (a fish delicacy) and *lefse* (a kind of potato-pancake) are already quite as familiar as *schnits* in lower Pennsylvania or *gefüllte fish* in New York. If the things they designate ever work their way into the highly hospitable American cuisine, following *sauerkraut, spaghetti, chile con carne,* and *chow-mein,* the words will come along.

This is the second of a series of monthly articles by H. L. Mencken on his well-known specialty, the state of the American language. The editors welcome correspondence from readers who have something to add to or subtract from this discussion.

LITERARY QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Questions on page* 6)

1. Sergeant Cuff, by Wilkie Collins.
2. Uncle Abner, by Melville Davisson Post.
3. Inspector French, by Freeman Wills Croft.
4. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, by Jacques Futrelle.
5. Dr. John Thorndyke, by R. Austin Freeman.
6. Nick Charles, by Dashiell Hammett.
7. Max Carrados, by Ernest Bramah.
8. Jim Hanvey, by Octavus Roy Cohen.
9. Perry Mason, by Erle Stanley Gardner.
10. Dr. Gideon Fell, by John Dickson Carr.

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Restless Ulysses

RICHARD HALLIBURTON: HIS STORY OF HIS LIFE'S ADVENTURE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1940. 433 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

TO his worldwide audience, Richard Halliburton was a handsome carefree youngster who personified adventure and romance by climbing Fujiamas and Matterhorns, swimming Hellesponts and Panama Canals, riding elephants across Alps *à la* Hannibal. To some others, he was a bit of an exhibitionist, but always a good showman.

Halliburton wrote prolifically to his family and a few intimates and his publishers have edited these letters to give you a readable memoir which reveals this modern Ulysses more truly than he ever did himself to an audience.

As Halliburton rode his magic carpet over the royal road to romance, for to see and write and talk about this cockeyed but wondrous world, only his intimates were told of the fears and disappointments which beset his quest for glorious adventure—and which he soon learned became adventure only in retrospect. His letters reveal how an overpowering restlessness from childhood inspired him to run away from Princeton and ship out of New Orleans on a freighter at nineteen; how ultimately he became the slave of an insatiable public, which sent him searching for new excitements until he kept his rendezvous with destiny; how he became more and more disillusioned but would never acknowledge that a man profiteth little if he gains the approbation of people only to lose interest in them.

This was revealed in a letter to his father, written in 1936 in response to parental remonstrances over a growing moroseness and cynicism:

> I'm not in the least antagonistic (to people)—just not interested. One who allows himself to speak to a thousand people every night, shake hands with several hundred, isn't a hermit. It's only that, individually, I'm not interested in talking at length to anyone in a thousand. Occasionally, I do find a fellow spirit, and then I'm as social as anybody. But just to flock where others go, and listen and repeat the fifty phrases that make up the usual conversation, seems to me a terrific waste of time, there are so many books I would rather read—and write. I'm never lonely, only impatient that time is so short when I have so much to do.

Dick Halliburton's time was short. He sailed on his last adventure in March, 1939—what many believed was an unnecessarily hazardous and foolish attempt to cross the Pacific in a Chinese junk. Sturdily built though Halliburton believed it to be, equipped with radio, manned by an able crew, and captained by a master mariner, the *Sea Dragon* was last heard from off Midway Island, on March 24, 1939, when Captain John Welch sent this classic message to the skipper of the liner *President Coolidge*:

> Southerly gales. Rain squalls. Lee rail under water. Wet bunks. Hard tack, bully beef. Having wonderful time. Wish you were here instead of me.

And so passed Richard Halliburton at thirty-nine.

Halliburton's *Sea Dragon* passes a steam cargo vessel.

How to Win Friends

THE LIFE OF A PAINTER. By Sir John Lavery, R.A. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 277 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THE memoirs of elderly British artists seldom disappoint their readers, who know what to expect: glimpses of men and women whom the publishers of this volume describe as "the great, the interesting and the beautiful"; the withering thing that Whistler said, the witticisms of Shaw, the charm of Barrie, how Pavlova posed.

John Lavery, as the blurb says, "climbed out of the gutter" before he could begin to paint duchesses and queens. Somehow the son of an Irish wine-merchant became Sir John, member of the Royal Academies of England, and so on. How was it done? Mainly, the reader infers, by sticking to business. The life he made, and for which he felt himself best fitted, was "not to be disturbed." He remarks that he had "no time to differ with people," and that he preferred "to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

Involved for a time in the Irish trouble, Lavery turned to his portrait-making with relief and increased energy when the trouble was over, and a parade of notables passed through his studio, as they pass through this book — not precisely "the great, the interesting and the beautiful," but at least the important, the conspicuous, and the handsome. Out of Impressionism, Whistler, and the methods of the Glasgow School, Lavery fashioned a style which could give Lord Northcliffe dignity and Shirley Temple charm. Artistic revolutions shook his time, of which he says little or nothing; for the painter, he writes, "it may be dangerous to know too clearly what one is doing."

Sir John provides a few excellent stories about Whistler, Sarah Bernhardt, and Cunninghame Graham. He is often humorous, and always candid, particularly in the chapters on his scandalous youth. The printing of his biography is of excellent quality, and there are sixty-nine plates which summarize the painter's career. In these illustrations one can see the early, rather tight style develop without maturing, until Lavery paints broadly and fluently, but without solidity of form, without character or warmth. How could it be otherwise for the man who, as he says, spent his life "trying to please sitters and make friends instead of telling the truth and making enemies"?

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FRANCE WILL LIVE AGAIN

(*Continued from page 7*)

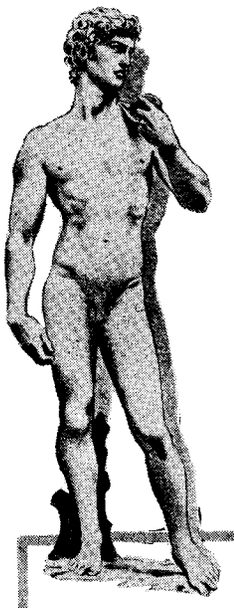
personal relations, but only out of real relations, private war, or war of man with man, can exist neither in the state of nature, where there is no constant property, nor in the social state, where everything is under the authority of the laws.

War then is a relation, not between man and man, but between state and state, and individuals are enemies only accidentally, not as men, nor even as citizens, but as soldiers, not as members of their country, but as its defenders. Finally, each state can have for enemies only other states, and not men; for between things disparate in nature there can be no real relation.

Furthermore, this principle is in conformity with the established rules of all times and the constant practice of all civilized peoples. Declarations of war are intimations less to powers than to their subjects. Even in real war, a just prince, while laying hands in the enemy's country, on all that belongs to the public, respects the lives and goods of individuals: he respects rights on which his own are founded. The object of the war being the destruction of the hostile state, the other side has a right to kill its defenders, while they are bearing arms; but as soon as they lay them down, they cease to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, and become once more merely men, whose life no one has any right to take.

The right of conquest has no foundation other than the right of the strongest. If war does not give the conqueror the right to massacre the conquered peoples, the right to enslave them cannot be based upon a right which does not exist. There is a vicious circle in founding the right of life and death on the right of slavery, and the right of slavery on the right of life and death.

Even if we assume this terrible right to kill everybody, I maintain that a slave made in war, or a conquered people, is under no obligation to a master, except to obey him as far as he is compelled to do so. By taking an equivalent for his life, the victor has not done him a favor; he has killed him usefully. So far then is he from acquiring over him any authority in addition to that of force, that the state of war continues to subsist between them: their mutual relation is the effect of it, and the usage of the right of war does not imply a treaty of peace. A convention has indeed been made; but this convention, so far from destroying the state of war, presupposes its continuance.



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OUR WIDENING AMERICAN CULTURE

(*Continued from page* 4)

beautiful, learning that millions of people like them to be beautiful. Pull out a pile of magazines of twenty years ago and lay them beside their counterparts of today; in type and format the advance has been remarkable. Their improvement has extended to books and even to the designing of letterheads; if you occasionally receive, as I do, a letter from an office which has not changed its letterheads within the memory of the oldest employee, you will wonder who could ever have hit upon such an absurd combination of discordant types.

We see, too, the beginnings of an art essentially new to America in town and regional planning. The overall design in New York's Rockefeller Center and our beginning attempts—as at Radburn, New Jersey—to lay out villages on new patterns for the motor age are steps toward the development of new techniques for harmonizing and rationalizing the work of architects, landscape architects, engineers, and what we might call social engineers. Contrast the ramshackle hodgepodge of old-style amusement parks with the efficient beauty of Jones Beach, Long Island, where 100,000 people may park their cars and bathe and picnic without traffic jams or overcrowding and, miraculously, without littering the oceanside!

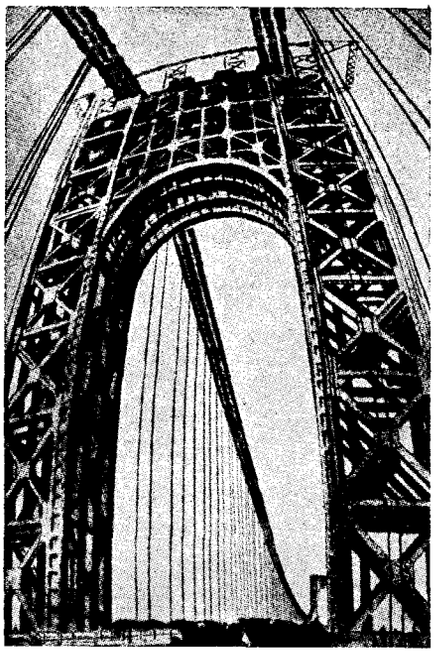
I live in New York near an avenue of department stores whose windows provide an ever-changing spectacle of bold patterns in color and light and ingenious, imaginative compositions; and as I stroll up this avenue at night, I notice how many other strollers are enjoying the show as one might enjoy a visit to a gay museum. A generation ago nobody dreamed of arranging the round-eyed manikins in shop-windows with an eye to color harmonies and compositional effects.

It never occurs to most people who revel in the shopwindow effects of 1940 that they are rendering art judgments. They think they are outside the sacred enclosure of the arts. But they are inside it all the time. For the fences have been moved.

Very rapidly we Americans are getting away from the Colonial attitude. Already it is a long time since we took it for granted that American novels should be respectable imitations of the best English works. It is several years since most of our literary *emigrés* returned from Montparnasse to discover that America was a good place to write in and about. Now we know we have our own traditions in a literary sense, we are grown up. And we are beginning, too, to be far less subservient in other arts. If we still make pseudo-Venetian furniture in Grand Rapids, still design bank buildings to look like Parthenons, we are apparently approaching the end of this phase. Our new streamlined trains are not Byzantine, or Louis XV, or Dutch Colonial.

I DO not say that this national cultural independence is wholly good. The classicist will hasten to remind us that there is little to be gained by throwing away the past — and of course he is right. And we want no tariff walls against the best modern products of foreign civilizations. Our American culture must not try to walk alone, without benefit of the past or of the contributions of its neighbors. Yet what is to grow in our soil must be what is adapted to that soil. We may compare, we may learn, but I am glad we are coming to build for ourselves. For that is the only way in which anyone can build greatly.

One closing word: if I have said little about the peaks of our cultural landscape, if I have dodged the question whether our finest products in arts and letters are better today than they used to be, or better than they are elsewhere, this, I must confess, is because I would prefer to dodge a question on which there would inevitably be endless wrangling. One may be conscious, as one drives across country, that one is climbing on to rising ground, and yet lack the surveyor's instruments to judge the precise altitude of the surrounding summits. I prefer to focus your attention upon the undeniable groundswell of the land all about us.



Etching by G. L. Briem ("Fine Prints of the Year" 1932)

The George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River—"a work of art as well as utility."

Whether or not the very finest things that we produce are better than they used to be, we Americans are a distinctly more mature people, a more culturally enlightened people, than we were a generation ago; and we appear to be better off for the participation of the millions in cultural things that were once considered chiefly the affair of the few.

Whenever I hear anybody lamenting a supposed lack of authentic contemporary American masterpieces, I am tempted to quote to him those familiar lines of Arthur Hugh Clough's:

> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward, look, the land is bright!

We Americans are building for ourselves a culture adapted to our own land. And we are a more integrated nation, for the participation of the millions in cultural things that were once considered the affair of the few.

Frederick Lewis Allen is the author of "Only Yesterday," and the recently published "Since Yesterday," interpretive histories of the nineteen-twenties and thirties.

THE AXE OF FASCISM

LION FEUCHTWANGER, author of "Paris Gazette," is in a concentration camp in Les Milles, Aix-en-Provence, according to word received by the League of American Writers from France just prior to the truce. For some weeks Feuchtwanger has been housed in an old factory in an area which the Nazis are reported to have bombed. A report received more recently from France indicates that Mrs. Feuchtwanger, too, was taken into custody shortly after her husband's arrest.

Professor Alfred Kleinberg, Sudeten German, and author of several books about German literature was killed recently by the Nazis in Karlsbad, his native city. Kleinberg was a member of the German Writers Union of Prague, and a literary critic of the Social Democratic paper, *Volkswille* in Karlsbad. For several years Professor Kleinberg was a member of the jury of the State Prize for Literature in the German Language of the former Czechoslovak Republic.

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WAR ON THE STATE OF MIND

(*Continued from page* 5)

more highly civilized world of western Europe, was the creation of armies of what Taylor calls "Hamlets in uniform." (He would apply the term to the Germans too; subsequent evidence indicates that it fits only some of them, the older and less Nazified elements.) "Despairing of peace, partially anesthetized by the war of nerves, the people of Europe went to war not so much as sheep go to the slaughterhouse, but as men commit suicide in a dream." And then, instead of the destruction and slaughter which had been expected, there was for months on the Western front only a continuation of the war of nerves. Each side was attacking the other's morale but the Germans had grasped the principle that "morale depends more on social than on individual factors.

> Instead of counting on hunger, hardship, fear, and discouragement to produce a collapse of individual morale which rapidly becomes general, the German technique seems to aim chiefly at disrupting the socio-psychological ties between individuals, which makes them act as part of a social group . . . This is how war is fought in our time. Hitler, with the insight of genius, even realized that it was not necessary to call it war, and won victory after victory without the rest of the world's realizing what it was.

That phase of war is beginning here, though fortunately we are at least commencing to realize what it is. Anti-Semitism is its first and simplest tactic; but from there it goes on, and it has a promising field in a country so politically and ideologically discordant. Luckily, recognition of what it is is the first long step toward beating it; but the other steps are not always easy. You can't beat it simply by calling everybody who disagrees with you a Trojan Horse.

That this technique did not undermine the basic morale and courage of the Western nations, when it came to the pinch, was proved by the magnificent fighting of the French and British armies. But they had to fight against overwhelming odds; and that may be partly accounted for by the state of mind produced by the psychological offensive. The war, wrote Taylor in March, had become "above all a civil war in the minds of Europeans, and a civil war in the mind is a neurosis." By that time the people he knew had become convinced that Allied victory was possible, but only at a terrific cost (they do not seem to have envisaged the possibility of total German victory) and they differed as to whether or not it was worth it. But they differed without fury or vindictiveness, because "the bitter-ender does not feel proud in anticipation of his victory, and the defeatist does not feel proud of his negotiated peace. Each chooses what he considers the lesser evil."

That is the state of mind of reflective, intelligent, civilized men in a tragic crisis; it is perhaps not the state of mind best adapted to survival when the Goths are at the gate. Contrast it with the Nazi prisoners, taken occasionally in those early days of bloodless war—men who would not speak to their captors, who, if wounded, would not let doctors touch them.

> These are extreme cases [Taylor writes] but though rare there are too many of them to be dismissed as individual aberrations. Rather, they are samples of a new type of humanity which the Nazis are beginning to develop in Germany. Dealing with this race of young Germans who have been conditioned out of old humanity is one of the grave problems of the war. A negotiated peace, or even a military victory, which leaves them free to continue the only kind of existence that they know, is not likely to make for tranquillity, in Europe.

Nor, *a fortiori*—

Luckily, young Nazis of this type make up the bulk of the parachute troops, the air forces, the armored divisions; their casualties must have been disproportionately heavy, but every year of Nazi education turns out another million or so, and every Nazi victory makes that education easier. Organisms such as this (to call them men would be to give that term a new content) are going to have the advantage over Hamlets in uniform, other things being equal, and so far other things have been appallingly unequal, the preponderance of machines has been overwhelmingly on the side of the machine-made men.

So one finishes Taylor's book wondering if perhaps civilization is not an incurable disease, inevitably fatal. I have used that phrase before in these pages—five or six years ago, in a study of some of the novels that were then being written in England about the world after the next war. Those novels, however, all presupposed a reciprocal destruction, a smashing of the machinery of technological civilization, a reversion of the human race to savagery. The most powerful of them all appeared only last winter, Herbert Best's "The Twenty-fifth Hour"—a book so effective that you had better not read it unless your stomach and your nerves are strong. Now we begin to suspect that reversion to primitive savagery might not be the worst thing that could happen to the human race, for from that return to an all-time low Man might at least begin again to climb upward.

Well, we have not reached that point yet and if we work hard and intelligently enough we need never reach it. Yet it looks at this writing as if the survival of what has hitherto been called civilization must depend chiefly on the British and American peoples, each of which has had its too copious sprinkling of Hamlets. Under pressure the British have at last achieved that unity and resolution which we have still to attain; whether they have achieved it in time is yet to be seen. We are far nearer that point, so far as popular sentiment goes, than would have been dreamed by the wildest enthusiast six weeks ago; but it is not yet clear whether our leaders will know how to take advantage of that readiness for work and sacrifice. What we have called civilization has meant, in general, an increase in culture, in humanitarianism, in tolerance and mildness, in the social virtues; at greater or less cost to the primitive biological virtues. And those virtues include not only the courage which the British and French have amply displayed, but a foresight, an alert suspicion, a hard grim realism which they have lacked, and which we have yet to prove that we possess.

Luckily there has been one recent and shining display of both kinds of virtue — a nation, one of the most highly civilized in Europe, which proved its ability to fight against overwhelming odds, so effectively that even when defeated by numbers it escaped annihilation. If democracy and liberty are to be saved it may be that the British and Americans will have to do most of the work from now on; but we shall all be eternally indebted to the example set by the Finns.

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Science and Society

HUMAN NATURE WRIT LARGE. By F. Creedy. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1940. 484 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

IN these confused days any attempt to bring order and light into the mind of man must be received with gratitude and looked upon with a kindly eye. Mr. Creedy, who is known in psychological circles for his "Human Nature in Business," has tried his hand at this large task and given us what he calls a "social psychologic survey and Western Anthropology."

The method and the purport are, one might say, aggressively scientific. Professor Bronislaw Malinowski, whose word in such matters carries great weight, tells us in the Foreword that he regards Mr. Creedy's book as "marking the transition from the study of man as a pastime to the science of man as a branch of real knowledge." That is a large claim to sustain and I fear that even with Professor Malinowski's stated reservations Mr. Creedy's work crumples up under it. For he combines with the familiar biological assumptions about man a set of psychological and social catchwords which are by no means acceptable as science, and sometimes not even as plain sense.

He speaks, for example, of the myths which rule society. We all speak of myths nowadays, and I am far from denying that the word is not useful to describe the functions and relations of certain ideas. But it is fatally easy, as Mr. Creedy's practice shows, to confuse mythological with mythical. At one moment in his book a myth is simply a widespread social idea or ideal; at another it is a reprehensible delusion, and he implies that we could have a mythless society.

Similarly, to define art and literature as expressions of "the habits in which society trains us" and as "building up great structures out of the trigger phrases, etc. in which we are trained" is a trifle summary, not to say jejune. When one has registered an oath to regard reality as comprising only the data of physics and biology, it may well be true that "art and literature deal with that sweet land of dreams to which we all retire when the real world becomes too worrying." But the answer to that is "Speak for yourself, John." A true science of man, if we ever get one, will simply have to take into account other experiences of art than those which seem vouchsafed to scientists as we know them.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Creedy gives himself away again and again whenever he approaches what he fondly thinks is human psychology. He knows the right words and he has selected good quotations from greater men—H. Poincaré, Leuba, Clerk Maxwell—but he has failed to give a coherent or convincing account of his findings in psychology, sociology, and anthropology because his underlying notions of What Is and What Happens are too narrow. His book, in a word, is made from other books, without that feel for concrete reality which is the hallmark of decisive departures in the history of thought.

Mr. Creedy himself gives the best proof of this limitation in what is intended as the final evidence of the truth of his system. I mean the translation of his entire argument into the symbols of symbolic logic. The result is not difficult if one has patience and some acquaintance with Mrs. Langer's textbook on the subject. But in calling this appendix "Verification of the Preceding Results," Mr. Creedy does not see that no logical system used in this way can do more than keep him abstract and consistent in his abstractions. Unfortunately, human nature is writ far larger than abstract words or conventional symbols can encompass, and the desire to bottle it up in formulas single-handed leads merely to a falsification based on excluding what will not fit.

Jacques Barzun, a member of the Department of History at Columbia University, is the author of "Of Human Freedom."

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SOME LIKE IT GORY *John Kobler* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Bloodthirsty crimes ancient and modern described, grouped, and analyzed in bright and breezy fashion.	Readable réchauffé of sundry magazine articles, including many old familiar faces and some incarnadined new-comers.	Diverting
THE BONES OF NAPOLEON *James Warner Bellah* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Sinister things happen to newshawk after acquisition of ancestral plantation in Maryland. Two murders and variety of sleuths.	Pleasantly exhilarating mixture of murder, romance, and attempted robbery with dash of apocryphal Napoleonana and attractive scenery.	Time-passer
OUR FIRST MURDER *Torrey Chanslor* (Stokes: $2.)	Trio of rural spinsters inherit N. Y. detective agency and use their own odd methods to solve decapitation case.	Has its moments, but amiable ditherings of the three elderly ladies get a little bit tiresome.	Flighty
THE POISON FLY MURDER *Harriet Rutland* (Smith & Durrell: $2.)	Scotland Yard expert on incognito fishing-trip in Wales unsnarls tough problem of predatory lady's poisonous demise.	Murder method interesting, characters well drawn and likable, sleuth unobtrusively slick and finish dramatic —if not *too* unexpected.	Good grade

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Titanic Genius

AESCHYLUS: The Creator of Tragedy. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 242 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT HIGHET

IT is virtually impossible for Gilbert Murray to write a bad book. He will forgive me for the familiarity of calling him by his name rather than his many distinguished titles: for it is one of the chief evidences of his humane influence on scholarship that neither his pupils nor his colleagues have ever thought of him as the Regius Professor. The Germans hardly ever write a scholarly book without dismissing a few rival authors, weeping and bruised from some professorial birching like "Brugmann's opinion we need not even listen to" or "Leo's treatment of the subject is completely worthless." You never find that in Gilbert Murray, although the rue-laden Housman is full of it; and Murray's influence on literature and scholarship has been far wider than Housman's.

What you do find is an intense and subtle appreciation of poetry, a deep respect for the author he is writing about, and an earnest wish to understand him while doing him as little violence as possible. I have read many books on Aeschylus, some considerably fuller and heavier than this: but this has made me feel, far more deeply than any of the others, that Aeschylus was a titanic genius. As usual, the style is perfectly charming: cultivated, graceful, and unaffected. As usual, the volume is full of odd but illuminating little pieces of extra knowledge—the Arabs call the lion Lord Johan-ben-el-Johan so that he may not know he is being talked about; Hamlet's wild ribaldry is partly a survival from his medieval avatar, Amlodhi the Fool; and so on. As usual, there is a good deal of attention to the cult-origins of Greek tragedy—that ghastly figure, the Vegetation Spirit, appears once again, and only a writer so sensitive as Gilbert Murray could keep him from becoming a bore. Also, there are many of the author's own excellent translations of Aeschylus's noblest passages.

The book describes Aeschylus's achievement from several different points of view. It shows, first, how he selected and transmuted those of the crude old myths which were capable of becoming vehicles of high tragic feeling. Then it expounds a fascinating new idea—that he, the earliest extant dramatist, was also the most daring and romantic in his use of stage illusions and machinery. (Thus, "The Flying Dutchman" with its tempests and shipwrecks comes at the beginning of Wagner's career, and the statuesque oratorio-like "Parsifal" at the end.) Finally, there is a brilliant analysis of the surviving plays, and a stimulating reconstruction of the lost ones.

My main criticism of the work is that it is not nearly full enough. Gilbert Murray does not realize that we *want* to read more of him, and more about his subject. His book on Greek epic is one of the very few classical treatises which it is impossible to stop reading, whether one believes it or not. And so it is with his "Aeschylus." Further, one question. To whom is the book addressed? Professional scholars, though they will learn much, will want ampler treatment of disputable points; and the layman, though he will learn even more, needs clearer explanation of the strangenesses of Greek dramatic history. Perhaps the answer is that it is addressed to the civilized, well-read, esthetically sensitive public which does not now exist in large numbers, but which Gilbert Murray by his whole life's work has done very much to revive or to create.

Wars That Counted

DECISIVE BATTLES. By Major-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 1,060 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

IN 1851, Sir Edward Creasy wrote his world-famous fifteen "Decisive Battles." Now, in 1940, appears a profound social, political, and military study by a well-known British general named Fuller: a staid and scholarly Tory, with semi-Fascist sympathies.

General Fuller starts off with Alexander the Great's victory over the Persian hosts at Arbela, in B.C. 331. Then come other battles of antiquity: Zama, Pharsalus, Teutoburg Forest, Adrianople (my own favorite battle), Chalons, the siege of Constantinople, and the battle of Tours, thereby entering the Middle Ages.

Then come Hastings, Manzikert (a "new" one), Hattin (another), the fall of Constantinople, the conquest of Granada, and the battle of Lepanto. So we come into "modern" times: Breitenfeld and Lutzen, Naseby, Schellenberg and Blenheim, Rossbach and Leuthen, Plassey, Quebec, our own Saratoga, Jena, Leipzig (far more important than Waterloo), Chattanooga, Sedan (see 1940), Port Arthur, the 1914 Marne and Tannenberg, the Dardanelles, Vittorio Veneto (Fuller likes Mussolini), Warsaw (Fuller dislikes Lenin), and the Spanish civil war of 1936-39.

Fuller divides his battles into a Mediterranean period, a trans-Atlantic period, and a Continental period. The first opens with Alexander; the second in 1492 with Columbus; the third in 1777 with Benedict Arnold. Between battles, he follows Creasy's trick of excellent historical filler-ins, called synopses. The material is skillfully executed.

General Fuller is not the world's best writer, and he is opinionated. And he is inclined, strangely enough, to skimp a little in matters of military organization and equipment. But his footnoting is extraordinary, and his indexing is good. His book, evidently, is a supreme effort, and well worth serious attention. Personally, I am decidedly glad to possess a copy for study and reference. General Fuller, despite his testiness, deserves a place in every serious library.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 326)

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN:
A FAREWELL

You shall leave . . . . . .
On a fine summer morning the
Devil to slay.
. . . . . .
The fishes are silent deep in the
sea,
The skies are lit up like a Christmas tree,
The star in the west shoots its
warning cry:
Mankind is alive, but mankind must
die.

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Attempt at Brass Tacks

MEN AGAINST MADNESS. By Lowell S. Selling, M.D. New York: Greenberg. 1940. 342 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT DEUTSCH

DR. SELLING sets out to trace the history of mental medicine, against the background of general medical progress, by relating "the lives and adventures" of its most important contributors. We gather from the foreword that his style was inspired by Dickens's "A Child's History of England," and the book does begin with a highly fanciful picture of a "mad" comic-strip caveman, club and all, some 60,000 years ago. After a chapter or two of such story-telling, however, Dr. Selling abandons the attempt to write a child's history of psychiatry and gets down to brass tacks.

The book embraces a wide area of medical history and biography, much of it only remotely related to mental disease. Sketching the work of Hippocrates, Asclepiades, Aretaeus, and other ancients who recognized "insanity" as a medical problem—it was for many centuries considered primarily as a theological problem—the author proceeds to the "lives and adventures" of Renaissance anatomists such as Leonardo da Vinci, Sylvius, and Vesalius, whose studies of the human body contributed indirectly to our knowledge of the nervous system. Several chapters are devoted to the pioneer efforts of Pinel, Conolly, and Dorothea Dix in securing humane treatment for the mentally sick, who were chained, caged, and tortured as wild beasts not many generations ago.

The book as a whole has little to recommend it. The story is poorly organized. Pages upon pages are devoted to pointless trivialities, while vital facts are omitted. In a detailed discussion of experimenters in nerve reflexes, the great names of Goltz and Pavlov are not even mentioned. Frequent discursions, deflected emphases, and inaccuracies blur the general picture. Errors in dates and names might be overlooked were they not so many, with the actual facts so easily verifiable. For example, Asclepiades and Arataeus, the Greek physicians who lived about two centuries apart, are described as contemporaries. Thomas Willis, the famous 17th-century clinician, and Francis Willis, the quack, who treated George III's mental malady a century later, are referred to as one and the same person. William Tuke, founder of the York Retreat, is identified with his grandson, Samuel.

Snap judgments are made of important characters. Paul Ehrlich is described as "a rather sloppy chemist;" other personalities are vividly but unfairly tagged "vicious" and "nasty." Gall, the sincere investigator who pioneered in the discovery of the localized functions of the brain, is carelessly called a charlatan. Like many other sincere and honest scientists smitten with the itch for system-building, Gall failed in an honest attempt to erect an elaborate scheme of cerebral physiology on the basis of real but limited discoveries; nonetheless, he deserves no blame for the degeneration of phrenology from a truly scientific effort to a superstitious racket, presently monopolized by Gypsy bump-readers.

Finally, the reviewer regards the book's title as poorly chosen, in spite of its alliterative quality. Men against mental disease have been trying for years to drive the hopelessly-conditioned term "madness" out of the popular literature of medicine, not for reasons of mere euphemism, but because the horrible, dread picture the word evokes stands as a real obstacle to educating the public to accept mental disease as a phenomenon essentially no different from so-called physical diseases. Its use in a title would be deplorable in a lay writer; in a psychiatrist it is inexcusable.

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MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

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From CO_2 to Hemophilia

ADVENTURES OF A BIOLOGIST. By J. B. S. Haldane. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 281 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

J. B. S. HALDANE, professor of biometry at University College, London, is well known to scientists for his original investigations and particularly for his application of the theory of probability to problems in evolution. Many readers of popular science will remember him for his "Possible Worlds," "Fact and Faith" and other volumes. In this book he collects twenty-seven essays on a variety of topics, such as carbon dioxide, Darwin, politics, the nature of the sun, the origin of life, the weather, hemophilia, and personal philosophy.

In "A Biologist Looks at England" Haldane, who not only loves England but is in a position to appraise her with the eye of an outsider (He is a Scotsman) presents a particularly penetrating analysis not only of the country but also of its strange inhabitants. In "Why I Am a Materialist" he subsumes the essence of that philosophy in the words: "1) Events occur which are not perceived by any mind; 2) There were unperceived events before there were any minds; and 3) When a man has died he is dead." While tracing the changes in his own belief in the past years, he points out the faults of idealism and argues the advantages of materialism in the reconstruction of society. In "What is Religious Liberty" he plays with a mythical Republic of Krassnia, where the official doctrine is Dialectical Materialism, where the National Anthem begins, "There is no God in Krassnia—" and where children are lectured to twice daily on materialism so that after a few years of propaganda they backslide to Christianity without difficulty. To sum up, he says there is about as much religious freedom in the Soviet Union as in Great Britain—by which he means there is very little in either country. The essay farthest removed from this reviewer's comprehension is "The Marxist Philosophy," in which Haldane (in common with several other of England's young or middle-aged scientists) sees Marx as a demigod of science and philosophy.

All the essays included here have been published elsewhere. The English name of the book, "Keeping Cool," is apposite as a recommendation to those on this side of the Atlantic who have a very bad case of jitters at the present time. If any sedative short of complete narcosis can be expected to work, Haldane's quiet, critical, and informed excursions into the problems that once perplexed society will be found useful.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

LEGACY. By Charles Bonner. Knopf. 1940. 372 *pp.* $2.50.

This novel deserves that cool, whistling admiration which is always called forth by a perfectly integrated mechanism, a slick assembly job. Everything is here which has been proven a sure-fire fiction device, and if you should miss the powerful, irregular pulse of life Mr. Bonner would probably be the first to say that he never meant to include it. It is not that he avoids pain or adversity. His Stoddard family is a clan of stout fellows with a strong sense of family tradition, and they shoulder their way through every mishap that could possibly befall them, from the operation that fails to the Great War, taking everything with courage and fortitude and Stoddard nobility. The material is all familiar and universal, and beyond argument as good now as it ever was. In this story it adds up to an enchanting fable that offers all the sentiments of life without its astringency. We read, for example, of Mrs. Stoddard's cancer and how she dies, beautifully, and we remember old Oliver Gant. His disease and death was something ripped out of epic human experience; beside it Mrs. Stoddard is revealed as an abstraction, a professional tug at the heart-strings. Such a comparison with Wolfe is of course unfair. It is made only to arrive at the necessary critical distinction between what "Legacy" is and what it is not. It is not a sound and serious novel. It is a smooth, attractive tale already earmarked for the screen.

N. L. R.

SHADOWS ON THE VALLEY. By Barbara Webster. Scribners. 1940. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

There is an old saying one may hear in almost any American locality that has a history, particularly in one of the thirteen original states. "The best part of the potato," they often say, "is in the ground." It is with some such feeling that Miss Webster views her Chester Valley in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia and separated by a stony ridge from Valley Forge. The valleys seem indeed to be one, and in its earth are the bones of the large and willful men, the Colbys, Crocketts, Henrixsons, who wrested a republic from a king. Perhaps it is their shadows to which the title refers; they do appear at the end, grouped about the bedside of a dying woman to give shadowy speech to the family's memories. But it may be that it is the living Colbys and Crocketts who are the shadows in the valley. They are small in spirit and purposeless in movement, confused, unhappy, even unreal. Compared with their forebears they are the shadows of historic names, and if they appear often to be utterly uninteresting that is due to Miss Webster's fidelity to her point of view.

There are other shadows upon the Valley too, the stirring of labor problems and the rankling of a family feud. The personal and social turmoils fuse, and flare up in a climactic burst of action. Here at least one of the Crocketts finds an old dormant strength; the books closes upon this note of resurgence. It is a story soundly conceived, and particularly successful in its evocation of an atmosphere haunted by its past.

N. L. R.

Travel

ALASKA CHALLENGE. By Bill and Ruth Albee. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 366 *pp.* $3.

This is a thrilling true story. It is likewise a valuable contribution to the literature of the North. Ruth and Bill Albee married during the dark days of depression, wearied of struggle against economic handicaps on the West coast, decided to "get away from it all" by penetrating the least explored area on the continent. They put their slender savings into camping equipment and supplies, and against the urgent advice of relatives and friends, started northward from Seattle, heading Alaska-wards through British Columbia. In addition to their balloon silk tent and other duffle, they were equipped with stout hearts, fine imaginations, love of nature and of their fellow-men, and explorers' curiosity. Likewise, and this is important, they were both excellent craftsmen; they could utilize the materials at hand; without these skills they would not have come through. They do not say this—but it is apparent.

When they announced to the authorities of Vancouver their intention of hiking through trail-less mountain and virgin forest country to Liard Post on the boundary between British Columbia and Yukon Territory, they were told that it was impossible. But, nevertheless, they did it.

Seldom has a more sympathetic and interesting account of the Eskimo been written. For Ruth and Bill the icy bleakness of this treeless and gusty Arctic outpost melted before the kindly jollity of its inhabitants. The newcomers partook of the igloo life, of the seal oil, whale blubber and walrus hide diet, of the natives' dances and dangers. The climax for Bill was a walrus hunt amid the ice floes, for Ruth the birth of a second baby, a girl—the only white child ever born in Wales.

Altogether this is an exciting book, enhanced by excellent photographs, deserving of a high place in the season's output.

E. G.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. Booth Tarkington, William Allen White endorse my work, as did Jack London. I revised Looney Lee Gary's "Bridge of Eternity," recently published. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 50 MORNINGSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.

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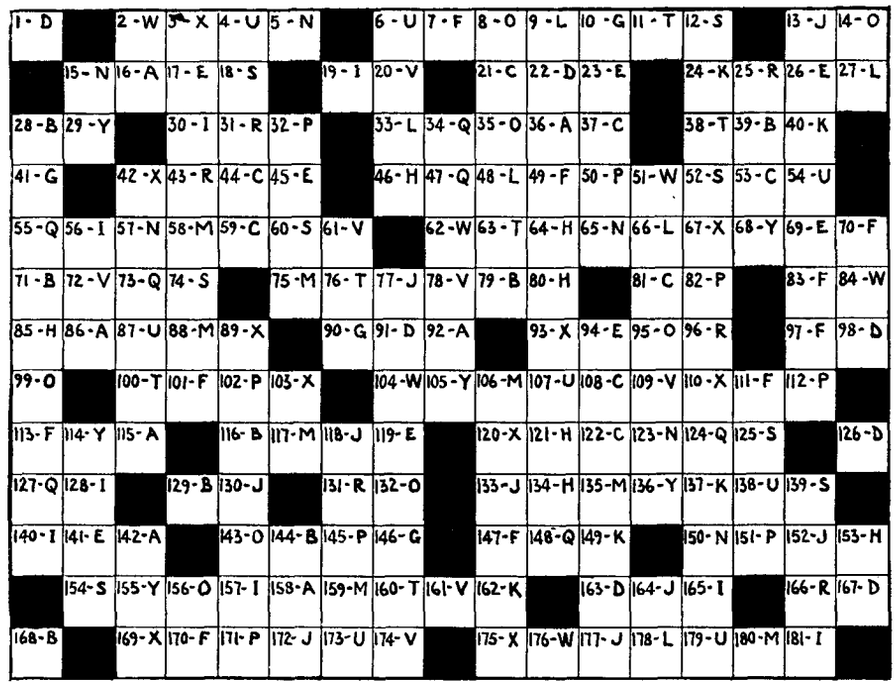
Double-Crostics: No. 327

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Antarctic Sea.
B. Henry VI's wife (Shaks.)
C. Melancholy, sad.
D. Residence of Apollo and the Muses.
E. Foretaste.
F. Bargaining.
G. Hindu Cupid.
H. Deduced.
I. Shining.
J. Dissuasive.
K. Belgian lace city.
L. Totalitarian psychological weapon.
M. Dog picture by Landseer (2 wds.)
N. Attempt (noun).
O. Character in "Much Ado About Nothing."
P. Pertaining to the setting sun.
Q. That which produces an effect.
R. Grandfather of Moses.
S. Odds and ends.
T. Warded off.
U. German philosopher (1772-1825).
V. Deceived by petty tricks.
W. Like a simpleton.
X. Amelioration.
Y. Civil War battle (April 1862).

WORDS

115 16 92 142 36 158 86
71 39 168 129 144 28 79 116
21 37 59 44 81 122 53 108
22 167 163 1 126 98 91
94 141 119 23 26 17 69 45
83 7 49 147 97 70 170 101 113 111
146 41 10 90
121 46 134 85 64 153 80
181 56 30 19 157 140 128 165
118 152 130 133 77 13 177 172 164
40 24 149 137 162
178 27 48 66 33 9
117 159 88 75 135 106 58 180
65 150 57 123 15 5
143 14 99 8 95 35 156 132
82 145 50 171 112 151 102 32
148 55 47 124 127 73 34
96 43 31 25 131 166
52 12 18 125 139 60 74 154
100 76 160 38 41 63
54 6 179 4 173 138 87 107
20 109 61 161 174 72 78
84 62 2 51 104 176
93 3 175 67 89 120 42 103 110 169
29 105 68 136 114 155

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

THIS week's best footnote comes from Bill Weber of Scribner's, that Hitler let Mussolini into the war in time to get his letter. ☞Another sardinian comment overheard by Old Q. was by a colleague on this paper when a *Strategy Map of Europe,* earnestly compiled only a few weeks ago, arrived for review. "How do we list it," he asked; "fiction, or ancient history?" ☞The map business just now must be like tobogganing in a maelstrom. ☞Argus Book Shop in Chicago invited all the literati of that region to tea and palaver on June 22, to meet Van Wyck Mason who was autographing *Stars on the Sea.* ☞Speaking of the sea, we learn from the catalogue of Alfred W. Paine, maritime bookseller at 113 East 55, that a new quarterly devoted to marine research is projected by the Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass. If enough interest is shown (at $5 annually) the publication will appear January, 1941, under the title *The American Neptune.* ☞Timely is Lippincott's announcement of a biography of Prime Minister Winston Churchill, by Rene Kraus; scheduled for late August.

★ ★

☞Our favorite review this week was by Raymond Postgate in London *Time and Tide.* He described *Native Son,* the scene of which is Chicago, as "a long, important and extremely moving novel about a negro *in the Deep South.*" (Old Q.'s italics.) ☞Several correspondents have noted that the Sands referred to in *The Riddle of The Sands* are the Frisian Islands. ☞A. C. Gardiner of New Bedford says he has been told there is a copy of this book in the wardroom of most British warships. ☞The Publishers' Ad Club has elected the following officers: president, Sumner Putnam (Farrar & Rinehart); vice-pres., J. de la Torre Bueno (Knopf); sec-treas., Katherine Maule (Doubleday Doran). ☞Application blanks for the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, open to students (juniors, seniors, or p.g.) hoping to become professional writers, may be had from Dodd Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C. ☞*The Travels of William Bartram,* first published in 1791, is now "ransomed from the limbo of collector's items" by Barnes & Noble and reissued with an introduction by John Livingston Lowes ($2.75). ☞Harrison-Hilton Books, Inc., have changed their firm name to Smith & Durrell, Inc. This on the occasion of Mr. Oliver Durrell as vice-president. The first book to appear under the new imprint will be Osbert Sitwell's *Escape with Me,* on July 15.

★ ★

☞Roland Barker, whose *Log of a Limejuicer* is well remembered, has written another excellent sea story, *Jonah's Ark* (Carlyle House, $2.50). Mr. Barker is the son of Captain James P. Barker, who was at one time master of the reconditioned square-rigger *Tusitala.* The *Tusitala* herself, under the pseudonym *Lurlei,* is the herpine of the tale. ☞In his foreword to Edgar W. Smith's *Baker Street and Beyond,* Vincent Starrett remarks that George Gissing lived just around the corner from Baker Street in '84-'87 and must often have met Holmes and Watson on the pavement. ☞Duell, Sloan & Pearce announce a book that sounds unusually alive, *Radio and the Printed Page,* by Paul F. Lazarsfeld (July 19, $4). This is said to be a complete study of the great social gettysburg going on between wave-lengths and wood-pulp. It sounds both important and exciting.

★ ★

☞Old Q.'s question about Frank R. Stockton was answered by many, especially by the Univ. of Pennsylvania Press which published not long ago Martin Griffin's biography of Stockton. Mr. Griffin tells us that Frank Stockton began his career as a talented wood engraver, and reproduces one of his cuts. ☞Mr. Griffin's footnote explaining what is Philadelphia's *Main Line* has caused some heartburn and syncope in the pink coat country. He calls it "a residential suburb strung along the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to the West. It includes Merion, Wynnewood, Bryn Mawr, Ardmore, and Wayne." ☞Several members of the Fish House had to be revived with burnt feathers after reading this carefully; and anyhow the Main Line is not a suburb but a superurb.

★ ★

☞Our favorite heroine this summer is Mrs. Miniver, whom you will meet presently; her reading tastes include both John Donne and *The New Yorker.* ☞Old Q. was pleased to encounter among the garden book boxes of the Gotham Book Mart on 47 Street, his friend John Slocum, who with Messrs. D. C. Russell and H. T. Volkening has started a literary agency to encourage young writers, at 522 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Russell is the son of AE, Mr. Volkening, a former English instructor, who has been specializing in the law of copyright.

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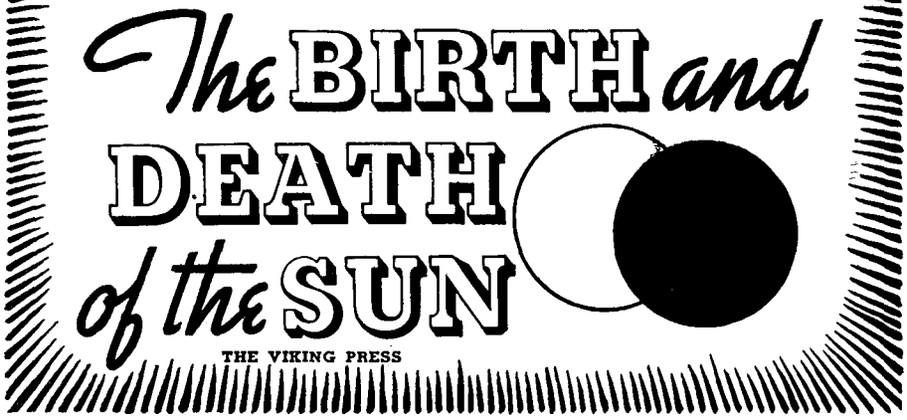
Scientific Book Club Selection



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